THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, BRUCE MILLER, } Editors and Owners

CAGED.

It was born behind bars, but it knew it had wings,
And it felt God had meant it for happier things.
And it sang of the joys that it never had known—
Of fetterless flights over fields flower-strewn,
Of the green of the forest and gold of the wheat,
Of the thrill in the tree-bough touched by its feet,
Of the feel of a lily-leaf brushed by its breast,
And the splash of a raindrop caught on its crest;
It sang of the beauty, the rapture of flying,
The palpitant air to its heartbeats replying,
Naught over, naught under, save limitless blue
And the music of wing-strokes, rhythmic and true.
It sang, and men said that its song was good;
But not one understood.

Then they brought in a wildbird, entrapped in a snare,
And a day and a night held it prisoner there.
And a night and a day, unbelieving, distraught,
With impossible fate for its freedom it fought,
Though it bled at the breast blindly beating the bars
As if strength of desire should force way to the stars.
And men pitied, and said: It was free its life long,
Who could bid it endure but a day of such wrong?
And they flung wide the doors, and the bird, flashing through,
Swept away like a leaf in a gale from their view.

Then the other, behind the closed bars of its fate,
Once again sang its heart out, its need, co-create
Of the broad and the boundless. In passionate song
It besought men to right for one day its life's wrong;
To bestow for a day or for one only hour
The leave to make proof of its God-given power;
For one hour only to float on free wings
In the world where its soul lived, the world of best things,
Of commensurate effort and gain, of desire
Unlinked from despair, mounting higher and nigher
Till lost in attainment, the world of clear visions,
True measures, high aims and untrammeled decisions,
The world God had made it for. So its song rose,
Ecstatic, tumultuous, thrilled with wild woes
And delicious complainings, until the last note
Broke off in an exquisite cry in its throat.
And men listened, and said that the song was good;
But not one understood.

—Grace Denio Litchfield, in N. Y. Independent.

A DEED OF MERCY.

BY HARRIET F. CROCKER.

When Miss Penelope Owens made up her mind to do a thing it was as good as done. Few things were surer of being done, and well done, than those to which she applied her resolution, and so it happened that because she was sitting on the front porch of her pretty, rose-covered cottage one hot summer day, leisurely rocking, and reading from time to time bits from a current magazine, and because, so sitting, she looked up the street and saw advancing toward her a great, solid band of sheep, a plan came into her head which proved an important factor in her life.

The mass of woolly, bleating things came sweeping onward, past the pretty cottage, sending clouds of California dust over the cypress hedge upon the beds of scarlet verbenas, and into Miss Penelope's very face, but Miss Penelope never moved. Her soft eyes, full of compassion, gazed out upon that patient, plodding throng of creatures, and a look of pain swept across her face as the poor things tried eagerly to catch a mouthful of the fresh, green grass which formed Miss Penelope's well-kept border just outside the path. The horseback rider urged them on, and on they hurried, huddling their fleecy, dust-brown backs together till it seemed as though one might walk across that living flood. Behind the great flock came the usual accompaniment—the wagon in which the lame and exhausted sheep were carried by the herders—and as Miss Penelope looked, one faltered and fell, rose feebly and was picked up and placed in the wagon with the others.

When the last cloud of dust had settled, Miss Penelope smiled to herself, an odd little smile. "It's a queer thing to do, maybe, but it's no one's business but my own, and if I choose to do missionary work in front of my own house instead of away off in heathen lands, I'm going to do it."

Miss Penelope took the five o'clock car into the city and visited a certain place of business on a bustling street, held a half hour's conference with the proprietor, looked over numerous catalogues, talked prices and then took her departure. Not for home, however. To an uptown office in a great block she next made her way, then, as the summer twilight was gathering, sought her corner and waited for her car.

Miss Penelope's life was lonely. Something seemed always lacking to make it quite complete. She would not admit it, even to herself, for the owner of that resolute mouth and chin, and that firm, independent way, could never confess that aught was lacking to make her comfort complete. She was not rich—only "comfortably fixed," as the neighbors said. Her father, dying a few years before, had left her the neat little cottage and the fruit orchard behind it, which supplied not only her but many of the neighbors with choice fruit. For Miss Penelope was nothing if not neighborly, although there was always a certain dignity and reserve about her that forbade the approach of the too-familiar. People wondered why this fresh-faced woman of 40 was still an old maid. She must have had a "disappointment," they said, though Miss Penelope looked least likely of women to have had a romance.

One morning a great dray, drawn by four horses, toiled along the dusty road and pulled up at the little white gate under Miss Penelope's cypress arch. Neighbors began to wonder and conjecture and to neglect the cooking of their noonday meals, when Miss Penelope's blue sunbonnet having duly peered over into the wagon and inspected its contents, withdrew into the house and the men who had come with the dray began to lift and tug at the queer, long, stone something in the wagon.

Old Mrs. Green peered through the blinds of the next house and called out, excitedly: "Mariar, come here this minute! I do believe Miss Penelope's went and had her own coffin made, or a sarcophagus or somethin'."

But Maria, leaning interestedly over the old lady's shoulder, said: "Pshaw, mother, 'tain't no such thing! Looks a heap more like a watering trough to me."

And so in course of time it proved to be. "Just like one of her queer notions," said one. "But it'll be a blessin' to poor dumb brutes, just the same," said another, and a third neighbor declared that nothing on earth could tempt her to have a public watering trough put up in front of her house.

The men within a mile around thought it was just the thing, and began to wonder why they hadn't taken up a collection and got one themselves long ago.

But when in a few days a handsome iron drinking fountain was brought out from the city and set up at one end of the long stone trough, and a bright tincup was chained thereto, people said: "Well, Miss Penelope does beat all for doin' deeds of mercy!"

And the lady in question, sitting on her vine-wreathed porch, said to herself, as she watched the thirsty schoolchildren stopping on their way home from school in the hot summer afternoons: "I really couldn't spare that $150 very well, but I can do without the new matting I was going to get, and I'm going to make over my best dress and pinch along awhile to make up for it, and the dollar a month extra water tax won't be very much. Anyhow I'm going to enjoy it."

And she did enjoy it. What a pleasure it was the next time a band of sheep came through to see the thirsting creatures crowd and push around the low stone trough, full to the brim with clear, cold water and how eagerly the jaded horses drooped their heads forward to the welcome draught. And no less satisfied was she to see the dusty shepherds lift awkwardly their wide sombreros as they dismounted and caught a glimpse of her before they drank cupful after cupful from the iron fountain.

All this filled Miss Penelope's queer soul with intense satisfaction. "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water"—she thought to herself, "maybe it's just as much a deed of mercy as to send money to the heathen."

One morning Miss Penelope, as was her custom, worked among her flowers, digging around the rose-tree with her sharp little hoe, turning up the earth with her trowel, and tying up a sagging vine here and there. Suddenly she heard down the road the unmistakable herald of an approaching herd of cattle—the confused lowing of a hundred plunging and plodding cows mingled with the whistles and peculiar cries and calls of the attendant cowboys who in wide felt sombreros and picturesque attire rode at each side of the moving mass of tossing horns and rough-coated bodies.

Miss Penelope dropped her garden tools and went up the steps of the porch. It was the way she paid herself for the expense and trouble of setting up the drinking place—this quiet enjoyment of hers in the eagerness and satisfaction of the poor creatures, weary with the travel of many miles over dusty roads.

As she sat thus, looking out across the cypress hedge upon the surging crowd of cattle, a panic-stricken child pushed open the gate and ran up the walk. "Oh, Miss Penelope," she cried out, shrilly, "let me come where you are! I'm afraid of the cows!"

Miss Penelope rose and went down the steps. How womanly and tender she looked as she reached a hand down to the little girl and smiled reassuringly. The cattle were crowding around the long, stone trough and a dark-eyed, weather-bronzed cowboy leaned from his mustang and helped himself to a drink from the fountain. As he did so he heard the child's frightened cry and saw the pretty, womanly little picture. As he drank he studied the woman's face furtively from the shadow of his wide sombrero and a sudden look of wonder seemed to come into his deep eyes. But he assisted the others in keeping the struggling herd under control and finally, after all were satisfied, helped to start them moving again, in a wide, dark stream of hoofs and horns, broad, red backs and switching tails, down the dusty road. Then, with a word to the cowboy nearest him he turned his horse and rode back to the fountain.

As Miss Penelope, standing at the gate with the child, glanced up at him he lifted his sombrero and sprang from his saddle. "Beg pardon, madam," he began, courteously, "but I want to thank you for the great privilege we have enjoyed. It's a rare thing in California to find a watering place along the road."

"You're entirely welcome, I'm sure," responded Miss Penelope, cordially. This was nothing new. Dozens of grateful passers-by had paused to thank her for providing such refreshment for man and beast and it was only a simple act of courtesy in this particular cowboy to do the same. So she wondered a little why he did not take his departure now that his errand was done. Perhaps he enjoyed the shade of the mighty fig tree which spread its great limbs and dense foliage far out over the fountain and into the street.

Why should he look at her so? Why didn't he go? Oh, whom did he look like, and who was he?

At that moment her startled eyes caught sight of a long, red scar across the man's forehead, for his head was bared, and in another instant she found herself leaning against the cypress hedge quite weakly and feeling as though it must all be a dream. Then she gathered herself together and spoke in a quiet voice which trembled a little.

"Horace—Horace Markham, is it you, or am I dreaming?"

"You are not dreaming, Nellie," the man replied as quietly—"it is Horace Markham and this is Nellie Owens, come together at last in this strange way."

Miss Penelope suddenly lost her hold upon herself and began to cry—a soft, nervous, sobbing cry, and murmured something brokenly which the stranger accepted as an invitation to come in. So he tied the tired mustang to the ring in the fig tree's trunk and followed Miss Penelope into the house, while the open-mouthed child went on her way schoolward, stopping often to walk backward a few steps and wonder at what she had seen.

But old Mrs. Green, behind her window blinds, called excitedly to Maria and told her all about it. "Depend upon it, Maria," she quavered, "that old maid's got a history and I know it, and I hain't a mite of doubt in my mind but what that's her beau 'come back. But a cowboy—my sakes alive!"

It was the same old story with which everybody is so familiar—a lover's quarrel, a hasty parting, a hot-headed youth flinging himself away from the quiet New England home, out into the world, to be swallowed up in the yawning jaws of the wide, wide west; a girl left to eat her heart out in proud, unspoken sorrow and refuse her various suitors because she had no love to give them. The old, old story again, but this one at least had a happy ending.

"And he wa'n't just a cowboy after all," says old Mrs. Green, as she cackles forth the romantic story of her next door neighbor, "for he owned all them cattle and was just a-passin' through to look after 'em. And he's worth consid'able, they say—got a big stock ranch up north, and Miss Penelope's rented her house for six months and went up there with him till he gets things in shape to leave 'em and come down here to live. She says she ain't never goin' to leave that there drinkin' fountain and waterin' trough, and I don't know's I blame her when it surely was the means of bringin' her a husband. Oh, yes, she's married. He came back in a day or two, lookin' as slick as you please, and they were married by Elder Stewart, Wednesday evening a week ago.

"Well, I hope that man'll make her happy, for she is a good, kind-hearted woman, and I call that queer freak of hers—settin' up that waterin' trough in front of her house—a regular deed of mercy."—Union Signal.

THE LIFE OF A CLAM.

Curious Semiparasitic Existence of the Bivalve.

The clam's body is completely enshrouded in the mantle, except for two openings, through one of which the foot can be pushed out. The other is for the siphon, or what is commonly known as the "neck" of the clam. In some respects the clam may be better off than we are, for he has a little brain in his foot and also a gland for secreting strong fibers. With this he spins a byssus by which he can attach himself to whatever he likes. He does not seem to have to search for food, but waits for it to come to him. He makes a burrow in the mud or sand, attaching himself to the bottom by the byssus. Then he thrusts his siphon up through the mud and water until it reaches the surface. The siphon is made up of two tubes, the water flowing in through one and out through the other.

When the inflowing current, laden with minute plants and animals, reaches the gill chamber, some of these are sifted out and retained for food, while the water and waste matter flow out through the other tube.

The clam's eggs are carried by the mother on her gills. When there are fish in the water with them the mother clam discharges the eggs, which soon hatch, but if there are no fish they carry the eggs until they decay. The reason of this strange behavior is this: When the eggs are set free in the water, they soon hatch, and the little ones swim about until they find some fish to which to attach themselves. They live for a time on the mucus of the fish and then drop off, sink to the bottom, and form burrows for themselves. This curious semiparasitic life is no doubt a reversion to the habit of some ancient ancestor.—Margaret W. Leighton, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

Progress in India.

India is said to have been transformed within the last generation from a lotus-eating agricultural land, living in the historic past, to a country where manufactures take an active lead, whose cotton goods are rivaling those of Manchester in eastern bazars, whose trade in jute is world-wide and whose teas are fast driving those of China and Japan from the markets of the world. The tea districts of India and Ceylon, whose names even were unknown but a short time ago, are now being rapidly populated by a heterogeneous collection of people and are beginning to hold for the races of the east something the same position as that held by America for the peoples of Europe. They are regions where people of different tongues, often in their own countries hostile to each other, are thrown together for the first time and are harmonized by a community of interests and finally welded into one race, speaking one language.—Chicago News.

Krupp Foundries.

The Krupp gun foundries at Essen, near Dusseldorf, employ 27,155 persons, whose families amount to 67,597 persons.—N. Y. Sun.

—Last year the people of the United States consumed 4,000,000 bunches of bananas.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Her Turn Now.—Duer—"Why did that pretty typewriter marry her employer?" Dyer—"She grew tired of being dictated to."—Brooklyn Life.

—Countess—"My doctor has not ordered me to go to Nice this winter. But I shall get even with him. I shall stay well a whole year."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—A traveler lately, describing a tropical shower, wrote to a friend in the following words: "The raindrops were extremely large, varying in size from a shilling to 18-pence."—Tit-Bits.

—"There's one thing about Wagner," said the enthusiastic opera goer. "If he had nothing else, he'd be great for that." "What is it?" asked his companion. "The girl next you can't hum 'Siegfried' while de Reszke is singing it."—Harper's Bazar.

—"I don't know what to do," said the woman whose nature is distrustful. "I hate to be imposed upon. How am I to know that you are really hungry?" "That's easy, ma'am," replied the mendicant. "I kin prove it by lettin' ye watch me eat."—Washington Star.

—Asker (to Fisher, who is returning empty-handed from a fishing trip, with a dog at his heels)—"What do you call your dog?" Fisher—"Fish." Asker—"Why, that's a funny name for a dog. What made you give it to him?" Fisher—"Because he won't bite."—Tit-Bits.

—Reporter—"Do you know what they are saying about you over in the Nineteenth ward?" Professional Politician—"No. What is it?" Reporter—"They say you won't stay bought." Professional Politician (off his guard)—"It's an infernal lie!"—Chicago Record.

—"Whatever became of Bigtawlk? Did he ever make any progress in his profession?" "Well, I should say so. He began as a circulation swearer, was promoted to a Cuban war correspondent for a New York paper, and now he's the assistant weather clerk."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

RUSSIAN RESTAURANTS.

The Dishes They Serve — A Gastronomic Luxury.

One of the most fashionable restaurants in Moscow is the Hermitage, and another is the Moskoyski Traktir, or Grand Hotel de Moscow, near the entrance of the Khitagorod. At both of these it is much the custom to begin dinner at the table itself with two or three commanded dishes of the zatuska. A tablespoonful of the shining, appetizing caviar, with a slice of lemon, and a corner twisted from the hot kalatsch, accompanied by a radish and an olive, or, perhaps, a pickled plum, with the inevitable "little glass," leads to the "cold plates" and "sauces;" for the Muskovite chef serves his fish in the middle, not the beginning of the repast. Among dishes of game the gelinotte is noticeable (the Russian ryabehik); but this bird is more welcome in the disguise of an orkrochka than cooked whole. In a mayonnaise, also, the ryabehik is highly popular. This gelinotte, or "double snipe," has been very truly described as a bird partaking of the characteristics both of the grouse and the partridge, with a slight undertlavor—in which it resembles the capercailzie—of turpentine. Such a peculiarity is, no doubt, due to its habit of feeding upon the tender topmost shoots of the fir tree. The Russian peasants have legends about every bird and beast, and they say that the galinotte had once the finest breast of all birds, but it vexed its Creator, who took this away and gave it to the ryper. There is a preparation of mutton, styled schashlik, which might be worth importing hither; and beef is curiously metamorphosed from its British forms into the zrazi, the shtoffade, and the azu tatarsk. Kidneys, potchki, with truffles, may appear, along with omelettes; and cretes de coq mingled with sweetbreads in a ragout; or pojarski de poularde aux legumes, a plate named after the hero who delivered Holy Russia from the tyrannies of Poland. The zarkoe, or roasts, will include telyatin, i. e., veal, and turkey, which is called indyk, the duck, ootka, the cock of woods, teterev, as well as, when in season, the quail, perepel, the dvoper, and the teal, cherok.

The dish par excellence, however, of the Russian bill of fare is certainly sterlet, which, whether named en anneau a la Russe, or made into an ooka, or blended with slices of sturgeon in a solyanka, must be recognized as a notable discovery for all travelers. The sterlet is a gelatinous, semisturgeon-like fish, but much smaller than the sturgeon, having a long, ugly nose and no bones, but very nice as a matelotte, when, however, a single portion will cost the guest at least 2½ rubles. A solyanka des sterlets is charged three rubles the portion, while the finest fried sturgeon is not mare than a third of that price. This specialty of the Volga river is, past all question, a great gastronomic luxury: the white, dissolving, nutritious flesh has all the delicacy of the trout, all the crispness of the turbot, all the digestibility of the sole, united in a manner to make many a foreign sea and stream jealous, with very good cause, of the cold and turbid Volga. The pleasant, hot dinner cakes, already spoken of as kalatsch, should be eaten along with sterlet.—London Telegraph.

Flying Fish.

A sea captain tells of his sailing in southern seas where flying fish abound. They would sometimes in their flight in the night come aboard the ship and drop to the deck. He had three cats that, though they were lying asleep below, would hear the sound whenever a fish struck the deck and would rush up to get it. They distinguished this from all other sounds. The crew tried to imitate it in various ways, but could not deceive the cats.—Chicago Chronicle.

Injures Fox Hunting.

The introduction of barbed wire fencing is diminishing fox hunting in England. Many famous huntsmen are giving up their packs.—Chicago Times-Herald.